

THE GOAT

"A" "H Q" "B"

ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

Entered at the Post Office Dept. Ottawa, Ont., as second class matter.

Published at St. Johns, P.Q.

Yearly Subscription, \$1.50
Post Paid to all parts of the world



"A"

HQ

"B"

ALLIED WITH 1ST THE ROYAL DRAGOONS.

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NOVEMBER, 1934

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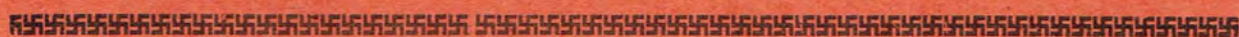
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Address all correspondence and make all cheques payable to "The Editor, The Goat," St. Johns, Que.

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The inscription on the Main Gate at Stanley Barracks.

UNKNOWN YET WELL KNOWN, DYING AND BEHOLD WE LIVE

THE LORD KNOWETH THEM THAT ARE HIS
 BENEATH THIS STONE RESTS THE BODY
 OF A BRITISH WARRIOR
 UNKNOWN BY NAME OR RANK
 BROUGHT FROM FRANCE TO LIE AMONG
 THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS OF THE LAND
 AND BURIED HERE ON ARMISTICE DAY
 11 NOVEMBER, 1920, IN THE PRESENCE OF
 HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V
 HIS MINISTERS OF STATE
 THE CHIEFS OF HIS FORCES
 AND A VAST CONCOURSE OF THE NATION,
 THUS WERE COMMEMORATED THE MANY
 MULTITUDES WHO DURING THE GREAT
 WAR OF 1914-1918 GAVE THE MOST THAT
 MAN CAN GIVE, LIFE ITSELF
 FOR GOD
 FOR KING AND COUNTRY
 FOR LOVED ONES HOME AND EMPIRE
 FOR THE SACRED CAUSE OF JUSTICE AND
 THE FREEDOM OF THE WORLD.
 THEY BURIED HIM AMONG THE KINGS BECAUSE HE
 HAD DONE GOOD TOWARDS GOD AND
 TOWARD HIS HOUSE
 IN CHRIST ALL SHALL BE MADE ALIVE

GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS

(The inscription on the grave of the Unknown Warriors who lies
 lies in Westminster Abbey.)

EDITORIAL



REMEMBRANCE DAY

By such ceremonies as are witnessed on the 11th hour of the 11th month—during the two minutes silence—a silence in which men and women search their conscience and gravely question their own worthiness, a silence in which human emotions explore the heights and depths alike—Is the Empire fortified in body and spirit and its soul exalted?

Its thoughts are turned from dross and enter into sweet and intimate communion with the infinite.

The whole Empire stands still, to do homage not to earthly clay—but to the souls of men. In the sweep of centuries it remains transcendent, system may rise dynasties may fall and civilizations may have their day, but the soul goes marbling on idomitably, ever refreshing itself at the fountains of invincible courage.

No pilgrimage of men and women was ever more truly charged with ardent religious spirit than the vast gatherings which assemble on this day to pay homage to the Gallant Dead, crowds upon whose faces anxious sorrow is written, a multitude of bereaved, whose minds are crowded with images of precious remembrances.

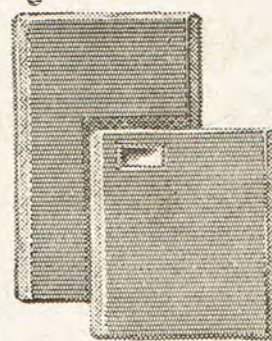
It is well therefore, that once a year we recall not only our heroic dead, but reiterate once more our convictions of the justice of the cause for which such sacrifices were made. A generation is rapidly growing up to whom the war is but a hazy memory. They must be taught a fresh from year to year not only of the valour of our soldiers and sailors, for of this there is no dispute, but of the fact that at the Empire's call Canada plunged into a struggle and never looked back until victory had been achieved and that were the call to come again for the same cause the Dominion would again come forward.

With "A" Sqn. Royal Canadian Dragoons on Armistice Day, 1918.

Sixteen years have elapsed since the memorable event in 1918 that terminated the Great Conflict. As there are very few at this station who were with "A" Squadron on that occasion, it might be a matter of interest to the present personnel of "the Squadron" to know the part played by their confreres in Belgium, on November 11th, 1918. Although rumours of an impending cessation of hostilities had been passed around the day before it came as a great surprise to most of us, when we were officially told that "Cease fire" would be sounded at 11 a.m. and that we were to remain where we were at that hour. This information was handed to Squadron Commanders at eight o'clock in the morning as the Regiment was marching to its appointed rendez-vous. We were with the third Cavalry Division at the time and the latter was to act as Advance Guard to the Infantry Corps, with which we were operating "A" Squadron was detailed as left Flank Guard to the division, with orders to push up the Tournai-Brussels road with all possible speed but to halt at eleven o'clock and await further instructions.

The squadron moved off at eight forty five, with the 1st Troop as Advance Guard through Leuze along the main highway to Ath. Nobody in the Squadron knew just how far the Hun had gone back and every one was anxious to get a last crack at him before it was too late. The road was crowded with carts of all descriptions, loaded with every conceivable article of furniture that could be packed on, and it was a sight never to be forgotten. Streams of refugees from the occupied areas were marching back to meet

GIFTS for MEN



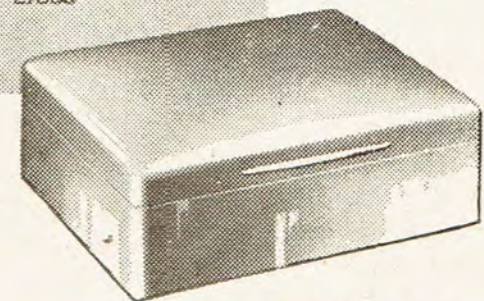
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the troops singing and playing all manner of weird instruments of which the mouth organ appeared the most popular. Now and again we passed small groups of Infantry who had held the outpost line the night before and they wared a cheery greeting as we trotted past at what I am afraid was a trifle over the regulation 8 miles per hour. At Ath the bridge was partially destroyed and we got a glimpse of the tragedy of war, when two dead Belgian soldiers still tightly gripping their Mitralleuse had to be moved off the road to allow our horses to pass.

Passing through Ath wildly enthusiastic citizens thronged around us to hang wreaths of flowers around the horses necks. We proceeded along the Ath Eng-hien Road, now rapidly becoming

impassable, so densely was it packed with civilians and carts. From time to time messengers had been dispatched to keep in touch with the Main Column but the only information received back was to the effect that troops had passed through the various points before our messengers arrived. To us it appeared to be a race against time to see which would be the nearest to Germany when the "Cease Fire" sounded and it looked to us as if the main body was beating us to it.

At 10.55 we halted and dismounted in a field on the outskirts of Meslin L'Evesque and waited in silence for eleven o'clock to come. Then the Trumpeters sounded "Cease Fire" and the "Great Adventure was over."

It all seemed very unreal and I think very few if any, of those



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present, fully grasped the full import of what it really meant. We hear a lot now from eloquent speakers about what thoughts passed through mens minds on Armistice Day 1918, when realization came that the war was ended, but if there were any lofty ones passing through "A" Squadron they were kept very quiet for the only remark I heard was from a well known "grouse" to the effect that "the B-Y fighting may be over but the eyewash isn't."

After a short rest we mounted and proceeded slowly to Bibecq which lay in the line of advance of the main body and we hoped to join up with them there or in the vicinity. To our great surprise we found that we were the first British Troops to enter the village since 1914 and we were certainly made most welcome. Horses and men were decked with flowers and we really felt like conquering heroes. Just as we had finished feeding and watering a message was dropped from an aeroplane to the effect that the Armistice had been signed at eleven o'clock and that we were to return to billets.

In view of the state of the horses and the lateness of the hour, we decided to spend the night at Bibecq and move off at an early hour the following morning on our return journey. On stating our intention to the Curé the whole village was placed at our disposal, and I can safely say that every officer and man, and horse had a wonderfully comfortable night. We said "Au Revoir" to our hosts the following morning and made the return trip in a little over four hours. Our reception was not any too enthusiastic as we found that the rest of the Regiment had hardly moved forward at all, but when later on the Brigadier found that we were the furthest advanced troops on the British front when "Cease Fire" sounded he did not hesitate to make much of it.

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ST. JEAN, P.Q.

Personal & Regimental

Capt. J. Wood, R.C.D. left for Ottawa this month where he judged at the Ottawa Horse Show before proceeding to Toronto where he will attend the Royal Winter Fair.

Lieuts. J. H. Larocque and E. W. H. Berwick attended the Sherbrooke Winter Fair and Horse Show on November 7 to 10, 1934. With three officers chargers, "Acetrass II," "Johnny and George Washington" and three "A" Squadron Horses, 75-26-19, they won 1 First, Three Seconds, Three Thirds, and Four Fourths. The Sherbrooke Horseshow Committee is to be congratulated on their showing this year. As we understand that the entries and gate receipts greatly topped those of last year. We offer congratulations to Miss Viau whose fine stable of Hunters, Saddle Horses, and Ponies was the outstanding winner and to Mr. Earl Spafford of Knowlton who won the Handy Hunter Cup presented by Mrs. C. C. Mann.

Congratulations are extended to S.S.M. T. Sheehy on his promotion and also to S.S.M.I. F. W. Harding on his appointment to the Instruction Cadre.

We offer our congratulations to L/Cpl. F. Hayes and L/Cpl. B. Delesseluc on their recent promotions.

Capt. C. C. Mann "A" Squadron R.C.D., is in New York this month where he is a member of the Canadian Army team which will compete in the International Military jumping competition at the National Horse Show in Madison Square Gardens.

We offer a welcome to Tpr. C. Roy, who has been taken on the strength this month at Cavalry Barracks.

We were glad to see ex-troopers Jock Wright and Wieechoeld who dropped in to see the boys during the month.

We are very sorry to hear of the illness of Sgt. D. Forgrave who is laid up this month at Royal

Victoria Hospital Montreal. We all hope to see a quick recovery and to see him about again soon.

As usual the very impressive Remembrance Day services were carried out at Cavalry Barracks on November 11th. Owing to this day falling on a Sunday the services in the City Churches were held fifteen minutes later than the usual time, to allow the Services at the Cenotaph to be carried on.

At ten thirty all the units of the Garrison paraded on the square under the command of Major A. H. C. Campbell, The R.C.R. "A" Squadron R.C.D.

Royal Canadian Engineers

"D" Company, R.C.R.

Royal Canadian Army Service Corps.

Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps

Forming up on the square they all marched down to the Cenotaph where a brief service was held. While the band played "Nearer my God to Thee" wreaths were deposited by Mayor St. Germain on behalf of the City of St. Johns, Lieut. R. M. Crowe for the Royal Canadian Regiment, and Lieut. J. H. Larocque on behalf of the Royal Canadian Dragoons. Many other wreaths were deposited by various organizations in the City. Rev. H. C. Winch, Rector of St. James Anglican Church repeated the Lord's Prayer and a short address was given by Rev. H. Allenby Pastor of the St. Johns United Church. The two minute silence was observed, then, followed "The Last Post" "Reveille" and the "National Anthem."

Services were then conducted in the various churches of the city; a very impressive service being held in the St. James Garrison church. Here we had the pleasure of hearing the Rev. W. G. New, Pastor of St. Paul's St. Armand, Montreal West. Third troop who did not parade at the Cenotaph represented the Squadron at the Barracks where they formed up in front of the Memorial Clock. A brief service was conducted here the wreath being placed on the Memorial Clock by S. M. I. T.A. Ais Thorpe, D.C.M., M.M.

POPPY DAY FUNDS

The 11th day of November, Remembrance Day, is often in veterans' circles, referred to as Poppy Day. The Poppy, immortalized by the late Colonel McCrae, has become a national emblem. It is worn on Remembrance Day by all patriotic citizens, as the outward and visible sign of respect and remembrance, to those who died that we might live.

The Poppies sold in that day are the product of, and form the means of livelihood of a large number of disabled veterans. The profits from the sale of these poppies are meant to be used for one purpose only. That is to alleviate distress amongst returned veterans and their dependants, or the dependants of those who made the supreme sacrifice. Up to the present the administration of this fund has been singularly free of adverse criticism. In the past attempts have been made to divert some of these funds to the payment of office expenses, memorials subscriptions, etc. These proposals were eventually dropped. They met with strenuous opposition, and the day may arrive when these funds can be used for some other purpose but not for some years to come.

Toronto Notes.

One again the Regiment has provided the entire personnel for the International Officers' Team, which has been practising consistently for some weeks in Toronto. The personnel of the team which is now in New York is as follows Captain S. C. Bate, Capt. Captain. C. C. Mann, Manager, Lieut. A. P. Ardagh, and Lieut. H. A. Phillips. Lt.-Colonel R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., is not riding in New York, as he is judging in the National Horse Show. We wish them all the very best of luck.

We were very glad to see Lieut. A. D. Mann, R.C.E., in Baracks, during the month. Lieut. Mann wasted little time in getting back into the saddle, and this goes to prove the old slogan that "Once a Cavalryman, always at Cavalryman."

Congratulations to Sergeant

Jack Siggins on his recent promotion, and we also congratulate S. S.S.M. T. Sheehy, on his promotion "Tommy" was our Troop Sergeant the year that 1st troop won every cup within reach.

The Musical Ride for the Winter Fair is in the midst of rehearsals, and with the addition of several new figures, promises to be better than ever.

We welcome back into the fold Trooper O. W. Peterkin who has re-enlisted in "B" Squadron. 'Pete' served with the regiment from 1925 to 1927, and says he is glad to be back.

We ran across a real old timer during the month, in No. 26 Tpr. W. Bailey who served with the Regiment from 1907 to 1916. Bailey had just started working again when we met him, and appeared to be in the best of health. His present address is 153 King Edward Ave., Toronto, Ontario.

Here and There.

With the festive season but a month away, it behooves us to be nice to everyone this month, since we have heard much singing on the radio about "being good on account of Santa Claus etc.....we find great difficulty in staying in bed these cold mornings, when Reveille is sounded, and we see the "Duty Wallahs" crawling into several sweaters prior to leaving for stables, but luckily for us, we have another Staff Wallah in our room, and "Ernie" (for it is none other) won't stand for any monkey business.... we manage to make the Mess Room within the hours laid down for breakfast, and that is about all...we give three loud cheers for Jack Siggins on his recent promotion, and a short shout for joy for Phil Brett (of leading in the Winnah Fame)

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who has been placed on the Married Establishment and we might manage a "huzzah" for Alice who stood all the fair stenographer at H.Q. on their ears when he took over Mail-Orderly for week, while Mac. had his Annual siesta.....we are glad to see our little sweet Pea back in Barracks, where he holds court in the Station Hospital... 'tis rumoured that there was much beating of hearts in fair bosoms when he left Christie Street, as he had endeared himself to the entire nursing staff (probably he sang to them)....and we cannot refrain from giving a hearty clap of the hands for our old friend and true companion Joe Willis, who hasn't been much in the public lately... blowing into the Station Hospital, with his balloon spinnaker drawing nicely, he threw out the anchor, crawled into bed, and murmured "Wake me on Pay Day"....and turned over..... yes, he is still there....and then the story from the Coliseum as of course we must find space for under. Instructor".....you must put your legs on your horse when you come to the Shanghai Cross' Pupil, "But, I did, Sir." Instructor "Well, that's funny, for I was up at the back of the ring, and I didn't hear you" (Curtain please).....of course when George ABCDO puts legs on his horse, everyone can hear the clash of spurs, but this wasn't George.. incidently the Ride is going along very nicely, and we have quite a few newcomers, since older soldiers have entirely retired from from such risky sport....it is too early to predict the winner of the various classes but here's our selection, Paddy, Bayardo Roxanna, Judy, Prince, Spats, Maximal, Bovine Beauty (Milk cow with calf), and His Grace, the Duke of Abernathy, Champagne de Maupassant (the last named in the Pekinese Class)..... we always wondered why such little dogs were given long names, and we'd hate to be looking for His Grace, in Barracks, and have to run all over the lot calling his name....Harry Gough tells us something about "Orphans", where one can pick up fifty bucks with one hand in the pocket... he doesn't say whose pocket to put your hand intowe see a lot of the "braves" going about with long hair, and suspicious upper lips, and they

tell us that the barber has gone "deer hunting".... speaking of deer hunting, the last time we took to the gun, we rounded up several "dears" on Jarvis Streetwe also hear that George ABC was offered a job in a library as a book marker.... and congratulations to Little Joe, (of the Trumpet Like Bass)....and to George ABC....'tis rumoured that Norm can no longer take it, and to judge by his appearance one morning after, it was obvious that he was about to give everything back....the new School of Phat is much in the limelight, although "18 Wallah" Mackie is "constantly calling for a "New Deal.....and that about covers the month, a short one by the way....see you at Christmas.

J.B.H.

R.C.D. SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES

Toronto

Although activities in the Mess have been rather quiet at this time, the members have taken part as representatives at various other regimental functions in the city. However apart from Cribbage games, the Mess will hold an "At Home" on the 30th Nov. This event is always popular with young and old and needs no further mention.

We are pleased to congratulate Sergt. Harris on his promotion to S.S.M.I. (more grease to your elbow Robert.)

We also congratulate and welcome to our fold Corp. J. Siggins who has been promoted to Sergt. Many old timers will remember "Jack" and will be pleased to hear of his advance in rank. Tpr. J. A. C. Watts, has taken over command of the pots and pans as Sergeant Cook vice Ex-Sgt. John Smith, from general reports received the cooking in the Mens Mess leaves nothing to be desired.

Q.M.S. T. Doran and Mr. Doran represented the Mess at the "annual hop" of the Machine Gunners. "Tom" reports that a good time was held by all and that the "Monkey Gees" treated him royally. Personally we had hoped to represent the mess at this affair but lost on the "toss."

S.M.I. Dowdell, Q.S.M.I. MacLean, Q.M.S. Oliver; S.S.M.I. Harris and Sergt. Coulter attended the Queen's Own Sergeants' Mess Dance November 16th accompanied by their wives and all report the night well spent.

Q.M.S.I. MacLean, Q.M.S. Oliver, S.S.M.I. Harris, Sergt. Coulter, and Tpr. Major Galloway again buckled on their armour and took in the Queen's Own Association Annual Dinner Saturday November 17th, just to prove that "they could take it." Needless to say the event was as usual a huge success. (We did not go to Church on Sunday).

S.M. A. Madden, has returned from the bright lights of New York, he accompanied the Canadian Team to that city and reports that the "Gay White Way" has not changed a bit.

The members of the mess all join to express their deepest sympathy to Q.M.S.I. E. J. Manning in the death of his father Q.M. S.I. MacLean and King S.S.M.I. Copeland and Q.M.S. Oliver attended the funeral.

Ex-S.Q.M.S. Simpson paid us a flying visit, although looking well, he reports that looks are deceiving.

It has come to light that Ex-Tpr. Major T. Travers has been the victim of the much talked of "Ontario Axe". Too bad "Tich" but keep your chin up.

Saw "Pete" Merricks the other day at Queen and Bathurst Sts. Pete looks exceptionally well and wore the customary "Chevalier Smile."

As mentioned in the last issue we have to rely on memory or chance meeting to get notes for this column, and as it is the earnest intention of your correspondent to make this little item as newsy as possible, members might whisper a thought or item of interest in our ear. All old timers are interested to know if their old "side kicks" are still moving about and this is an excellent vehicle to convey the information. Please lets us have it.

The R.C.D. Cribbage team is

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holding its own and although a little more support might be afforded by members, we have managed to come through smiling. It is the hope that we can keep alive the spirit of the game which has become almost a tradition so far as our mess is concerned. The splendid "esprit de corps" that exists among all units of the N. P.A.M. is largely due to the comradeship and good sportsmanship in the noble game of "Crib."

The standing of the teams will be published from time to time.

I think we have "covered the waterfront" for now so until the next issue.....

The Office Boy**Hail the Clipper.**

It was a warm Autumn morning, and we sat in the office pondering on what to do next. It was too early for the Canteen and not having a morning paper (as in the 'Q' Department), we lay back in our chair and pondered. The office was stuffy, for we have forgotten to open the window. Gradually we dozed off..... We heard a muffled tramp-tramp of feet in the inner office, and we could count the paces of the "about-turn". Rising from our chair, we moved noiselessly to the door, and looked into the inner office. On the table in the corner lay a red velvet cushion and upon it reposed the Electric Clipping Machine done up in a red silk ribbon. In front of it, and pacing up and down, with sword at the slope, was a trooper in full marching order. We hesitated a moment, uncertain as to any "why" or "wherefore" and then, hearing footsteps on the stairs outside, we hid behind the intervening door. Presently the outer door was opened, and in walked a well-known officer's groom. The Sentry, for he was none other, immediately came to the "Engage" and shouted "Hail, who goes there." "Officers' servant, applying for permission to remove the Electric Clipper, with a view of ultimately clipping a horse" replied the other. "Guard Turn Out" shouted the sentry, still at the "engage," and to our amazement five other troopers, a Corporal and a Sergeant trooped out of the wash room behind the office, closely followed by a very

young trumpeter who had forgotten his trumpet. "What is the Pass Word" of the Day? "asked the Sergeant of the Guard." "Flexible Shaft" answered the groom without delay, whereupon the Sentry returned to the "slope," and resumed his marching up and down in front of the impromptu throne. The Sergeant of the Guard took from his breast pocket a document and handing this to the Groom he said "Read this."

The groom, being in the shadow of the doorway brought this document into the outer office, and standing where we could see over his shoulder he read "I (we), the undersigned, party (or parties) hereby declare or (solemnly swear) that I (we) have on (here insert date) examined the Electric Clipping Machine, and I (we) further declare that to the best of my (our) knowledge it is without blemish, flaw or damage, but in good working order, and I (we) further declare (or solemnly swear) that I (we) will return the machine complete as to parts and mechanism to the best of my (our) knowledge within twenty-four hours of the time of receipt, and that in the event of my (us) finding it impossible to return said machine within the time as aforesaid, I (we) will endeavour to report to the Guard Commander the whereabouts of the said machine, together with a report as to the condition of the teeth, cable mechanism, and other parts of the said machine, and that further I (we) do make this solemn declaration conscientiously knowing it to be true to the best of my (our) knowledge and that it is of the same effect and force as if made under oath and by virtue of the Canadian Evidence Act."

Having read this weighty document, the Sergeant then called out "Fall in the Escort," and three of the Troopers immediately "fell in," two carrying swords whilst the third had no arms, but wore a leopard skin apron. Marching his Escort up to the Table, the Sergeant gave the Command "Carry Swords," "Prepare to Receive the Machine," whereupon the third man reverently gathered up the red velvet cushion and its contents, and marching between the Escort, he approached the Groom. Upon reaching the Groom, he dropped on one knee, and placing the cushion on the other, he

said "Unto thee do I render up my Trust." The groom then receiving the Machine into his own hands (after he had taken off his cap), proceeded to plug in at an electric light switch, and after taking a few practise runs on an old broom kept for that purpose, left the office and the Guard Room.

We were somewhat amazed by all this procedure, and so we sat down in our swivel backed chair, and thought it over. An hour or so later we again heard footsteps approaching, and once more we took up our hiding place. The servant returned with the machine, and waited outside the office giving three knocks on the door, the Sentry woke up and shouted "Guard Turn Out", which was followed by the usual procession from the Guard Room. The escort then formed up in front of the groom, and the Sergeant of the Guard produced another document from his coat pocket. By leaning well over, we could read the contents " (here insert name and rank) was Commander of the Clipping Machine Guard on (here insert date), At (here insert time) Trooper (here insert name) returned to the Office bearing with him the Clipping Machine which he had previously received from me. (see receipts in Guard Room under this date). I hereby make solemn declaration that I have, this date, and at the time aforesaid, examined the said Machine, and find it without blemish, injury or damage, and in good working order. I am satisfied that during its absence it was not abused, maltreated or wilfully broken, and that to the best of my knowledge, it has been returned in the same condition as it left my Command. I further declare that I have this date, and at the time aforesaid, handed to (here insert name) a copy of this receipt, and I make this solemn declaration, etc. The Sergeant of the Guard then called out "Fall in the Escort," and the procession marched back to the table, where the cushion was once again laid to rest, and the Sentry resumed his solitary Guard.

Much puzzled over this strange ceremony, we again returned to our swivel backed chair, and pondered over this strange event. Looking into the inner office from where we sat, we tried to recognize the Sentry. We leaned for-

ward....moreand suddenly we slipped, and found ourselves on the floor with a bump on our head. Glancing at our watch, we saw that we had just time to make the Canteen for a "beer" before 11.00 a.m. and as we left the office, we determined that never again would we fall asleep at our "post."

OSCAR, A RECRUIT

WRITES HOME

Dear Ma:

Well, it's all over now. I mean my army suit. You know we have to take drill here and we get furnished uniforms, etc. I went up to get mine and the Sgt. says, "What d'ya want, one too big or one too small?" and I say one too small so he gives one too big. Honest, it fits like Pa's Sunday suit. A guy could have won the war in a suit like this and never have known a thing about it. I was gonna take a look around at drill and see if I couldn't trade with somebody who had one too small, but I couldn't even see out with it on. The cap fits my shoulders swell.

I got your letter, Ma, and the check. The bank wouldn't cash the check because they couldn't tell whether it was for 88 dollars or 95c. Tell Pa to take his mittens off when he writes.

This is a great place down here I found out somethin' new every day. They got a hospital right here and a doctor to take care of you. Not that I'm planning' on gettin' sick or anything, but it would sure be a cinch for a guy like Pa, who knows for sure that he will have a touch of rheumatism as soon as cold weather sets in.

Glad to hear you got some new shoes, but be careful of the scarlet fever.

Oscar.

P.S.—I don't know a thing about Pa's knife. Tell him to look in his shavin' mug.

We would greatly appreciate it if any of our readers have any stories or articles of interest, news or anecdotes to please send them in. The old "Brute" needs nourishment and like everything else cannot exist unless it is well fed.

AT THE CENOTAPH

"Here are twelve roses. Let me count them over,"

Before I lay them on the rock-washed stone.....

One for my wounded batman drowned off Dover.

Who got me out of No Man's Land alone;

These three for Matthews, and his mad twin brothers,

Missing at Ypres....their names are on the Gate;

And this for John....No, I'll not name the others.

They only shared the common gallant fate.

Let the names go; they let life go so lightly

Why drag them down with clumsy word let fall

By one particular grief? An end so knightly

Bids us keep silence. Unknown warriors all,

They strove and passed, and these few scarlet roses

Show that a new faith springs where dead hope closes."

(Anon in the Sat. Review, Lon.)

THE HORSE REMEMBERS

Horses have excellent memories as is often proved by the length of time they will remember events that have taken place in their lives. If it were not for this fact we would not find it difficult to get a horse over being afraid of certain objects that have once frightened him. Many a valuable horse has been badly spoiled by some thoughtless individual who did not take this fact into consideration.

Some horses that have at some time been treated unkindly never forget it, under the same set of circumstances the rest of their lives. Anyone that has had a wide experience with horses can recall the experiences of this kind. It is necessary then, that in the stable that great care be taken that something is not thoughtlessly done that will greatly lessen the animal's value by resulting in a dangerous vice in the stable. In no animal is this more plainly brought to our attention than with the horse.

It is an interesting study to watch the development of the colt in the matter of stable handling. If a regular routine is always carried out in the stable, and this does not vary, it is remark-

able how soon the horse learns just what is expected of it. If it were not for this fact, says a correspondent in a contemporary, we would never be able to teach the horse the many things we do. This one fact also makes it doubly necessary that we do not do anything that may result in the horse learning a dangerous habit that would make it unsafe to work near him in the stable.

In almost every horse that is "mean" in the stable the cause can be traced to thoughtlessness upon the part of some attendant or owner. If it were not for these individual characteristics that belong to some horses we could formulate set rules and regulations for their care and management. It is the ability that the owner or attendant has of detecting the animals that have these peculiarities early enough in their association with them which devises ways and means of handling them without spoiling or allowing them to form vicious habits. For this reason we cannot be too careful as to help about the horse, an inexperienced or unsuitable man can do more harm in a few days than can be remedied many weeks, or perhaps never at all.

Have you ever seen a dead donkey?

Talking of donkeys reminds me of mules which recalls a paragraph in the "1900 Machine Gun handbook" where it said: "The Machine Gun will be drawn by a mule or an intelligent Non-Commissioned Officer."

On an examination paper for promotion in the Army, a question was asked as to the uses of Cavalry in war. One facetious subaltern's answer read: "Cavalry is used to give tone to what otherwise would be an unseemly brawl."

That makes me think of an examination for non-permanent active militia officer, the question was asked the duties of an Adjutant—One answer was "To make the lives of attached officers miserable."

We acknowledge with thanks the Veteran Magazine, the Stratheonian and the Canadian Defence Quarterly.

THE FLIGHT OF O'NEILL, THE INVADER OF CANADA

"General O'Neill, who, at the head of the Fenian forces recently invaded Canada, seems to combine, together with his love for Ireland, a certain amount of affection for the ordinary enjoyments of life; for one complaint against him is, that the morning of attack, when awakened at three o'clock by a captain belonging to his quarters, he merely said: "All right!" and fell asleep again. On two subsequent occasions he was awakened with no more practical result, and on being called a fourth time, he got up. Even then, however, he declined to proceed at once with the glorious work of liberating Ireland, but said: "He guessed he would wait till after breakfast

After breakfast this great patriot advanced at the head of his forces, but being surprised by a party of Canadian Volunteers, who fired upon the Fenians, immediately retired to his quarters, where he was found very comfortably lodged, and was arrested by General Foster, the United States Marshal, for a breach of the neutrality laws."

Not a gun was heard, not a bugle note,

As over the border he hurried; He took to his heels without firing a shot,

Only looking tremendously flurried.

No ridiculous scruples inspired his breast,

As over the ground he jolted, Not caring a straw what became of the rest,

He unhesitatingly bolted.

And snug in his quarters at dead of night,

The Yankee General found him; His bed all ready, his candle alight,

And bottles of whiskey around him.

And when at the door came the clanking and noise,

His courage all sank to zero; For though at the head of the Fenian "bhoys,"

He wasn't exactly a hero.

When the Britishers find that he really is gone,

In impotent rage they upbraid him;

If Mr. O'Neill they had laid hands upon,

At that moment, they surely had flayed him!

Few and short were the words they said:

They only expressed their sorrow,

That they hadn't caught him, and put him to bed,

Where he wouldn't wake up on the morrow.

But safe in New York, under Foster's convoy,

He has gone to tell his own story;

Where "shut up" very much, this broth of a boy,

Is at present alone in his glory!

"JUDY"

22nd June 1870.

WINTER'S COMING

It's going to be a cold winter.

Old-timers are predicting fifty heavy snowstorms at least ten of which will be of blizzard proportions.

The billboards that sprouted during the summer are heavier and stronger, forecasting bad weather ahead.

Gas station attendants are being provided with gloves by their companies.

Anti-freeze ads are bigger, more formidable. The ice on one anti-freeze ad in the early morning of October 24 was by actual measurement an inch and a half thick. Four or five feet can easily be predicted.

Chestnut vendors on the street corners now have two flares going. The only previous occasion on record when this was done was the fall preceding the frigid winter of 1888.

The fur coats noticed are heavier than they have been in years.

And the janitors are already denning up for the winter.

Yes, sir, it's going to be a cold cold winter.

Tel. 83

ALCIDE COTE, B.A., L.L.B.

Avocat—Lawyer

27 Place du Marche — St. Johns.

St. Johns Notes.

A very enjoyable smoking concert was held in Cavalry Barracks on November the 12th, where as guests of 'D' Coy. the R.C.R. we were privileged to attend.

C.S.M. S. Raynor who presided in the chair opened the evening with a few brief remarks in which he welcomed the guests. Major A. H. C. Campbell gave a short address, straight but to the point stating that as we had all witnessed the serious side of Armistice the day before, he considered that the evening was open for celebrating which we did in a very enjoyable manner.

The evening was spent in music and songs. Lieut. R. M. Crowe assisted by Lieutenant J. H. Larocque, and Lieut. E. W. H. Berwick gave us some very amusing and select verses causing much laughter. Mr. L. G. Gage (The News) also regaled us with some very snappy anecdotes of a choice nature. Sgt. P. Johnston was called upon for a few songs which all enjoyed immensely. The recitation by L/Cpl. Wilkinson on "Gungha Din" was exceedingly well done causing a round of applause. Pte. Meadows certainly missed his calling when he enlisted, giving many a laugh during his selections of "Burlington Bertie" and other skits.

Sergeant William Boyd of Platts Barracks, U.S.A., was then called upon for a few words in which he expressed his pleasure at being present on this occasion, sincerely hoping that closer fellowship could be held between the two stations. He stated that he would do all in his power to promote it. The evening finally came to a close with the singing of the National Anthem. We all extend a hearty vote of thanks to our friends of "D" Coy. for a most enjoyable evening.

Ex-Trooper "Slim Durnford" was a visitor to Cavalry Barracks during the month. We were glad to see him looking so well. Although there are many new faces since he left the squadron there were enough of the old timers left to talk over old days.

FOOTBALL

Cavalry Barracks

A large crowd turned out on Wednesday afternoon November the 7th to watch the lads of the Garrison team play our visitors from Fort Ethan Allan, U.S.A.

The visiting team played hard, they played well, but it looked as if they had left all their luck at home. Marshall, right on his toes as usual scored four goals assisting later when he passed the ball to Sephton who sent it over to Jenkins who scored a fifth. Lawrence, who seemed to place his shots in a miraculous manner suffered the usual hard luck his shots just skimming the goals by a fraction of an inch. All through, the play was fast, and when the final whistle blew, the game closed with a score of 6-3 in favour of the garrison. In the evening our visitors were entertained by the Garrison at a smoker in which all enjoyed themselves thoroughly. A return game is expected to be played sometime during the end of the month.

We have received a nice batch of remounts (20 in all) this month. Remount rides have started and much time has been spent getting acquainted and sizing one another up. There have been no tumbles yet and training has been carried on for two weeks but nevertheless we hope that the saw dust in the riding school is soft and springy in case of an occasional tumble.

The following item from the Evening Telegram will doubtless interest many of our non-permanent friends:—

"Thrown by horses, an Oakville girl and a Toronto doctor have both suffered severe spinal injuries. Discussing the cases with a friend a local horseman said 'Whenever I am ready to mount a strange steed, I make a point of showing him my Certificate for Proficiency in Riding from the Stanley Barracks School. Look this over' I tell the animal, 'and remember no monkey business.' And the idea has worked..... so far, at any rate."

We beg to draw our readers' attention to the Advertisements and would be glad if, when shopping they would patronize the firms represented.

Quite a bit of excitement prevailed at Cavalry Barracks during the early hours of Tuesday morning November 6th when we were all called out on a night scheme. A few of us had a hunch that something was on the program for either that night or the wee hours of the morning, so we prepared accordingly. Twelve o'clock passed, with no other than the return of sundry "Night Hawks" "Dark Horses" and others who had gone out for the evening in search of adventure. Up to half past two Cavalry Barracks slept the sleep of the just, at least we presume they did. Ah, there seems to be some action in the mens' quarters. A trumpeter has been dispatched down town to round up the married men fifteen minutes before the men in barracks were turned out. What a scramble, sleepy troopers roll out with no very clear idea at the moment just what it was all about. "What is it a fire?" Have the Chinese decided to have another fling at the Japs? or is it another assassination? We soon realize what it is so finding ourselves ready after the usual hunt for chin straps gloves and other small articles we grab our sword and rifle and hasten over to the mens mess where we endeavour to consume several cups of coffee. Suddenly all the lights go out leaving everything in darkness. Grabbing our trustworthy weapons we again hasten over in the general direction of the stables. We say general direction owing to the fact that a heavy fog had settled and coupled with the darkness had succeeded in obliterating the stables and everything else. Once inside the stables we found the situation no better. "As black as the Ace of Spades" would express it perfectly. With the exception of the occasional flash of a lamp one could see nothing. Under the circumstances everything was done in a very silent manner with the exception of an occasional explosive remark addressed to some of our long nosed friends, who did not seem to understand or relish the idea of turning out at that hour of the morning. "Turn out" came the border and all filed out on to the parade ground where they formed up in troops, received their orders and disappeared in

to the fog. The scheme itself proved very instructive owing to the fog and mist causing many difficulties and obstacles to be encountered. Three men were hidden in certain territories patrolled by a troop and acting as enemies had to hide themselves and avoid capture.

Public enemy No. 1 (Tpr. Desfosses) was eventually rounded up by 1st troop as he was trying to make a hasty exit out of an old barn. "Major" made a gallant effort to avoid capture but forgot that 1st troop following the motto of the "Mounties" always get their man. Enemies 2 and 3 L/Cpl. Desluc and Tpr. Therrien were more fortunate and gave their enemies the slip. One of them surprised the troop who had been hunting for him by turning up at the barracks and remarking cheerfully "Good morning, when do we eat?" 1st Troop arrived in at 6.45 while the other troops who were still in search of their quarry arrived in later.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

At Cavalry Barracks

Who was that certain R.C.R. on the gate one afternoon who started to pull down the flag when he heard mess call go at 5 p.m.

And who was that certain Brave who went to the show one night took an upstairs seat and a bag of peanuts to keep himself quiet?

What trooper Defos'es thought about while hiding himself at 3 a.m. in the morning during a certain night scheme. Did you philosophize, Major, or were you just a victim of circumstance?

An inspector once visited a school, and in one of the classrooms found the children kicking up a disturbance. He went up to one lad, a bit bigger than the rest, and evidently the head and fount of trouble, and taking him by the scruff of the neck, pitched him out. About ten minutes later a little urchin approached the inspector and said: "Please, sir, you have thrown our teacher out."

Sir Arthur K. Yapp, in his book "In the Service of Youth," being mainly an account of the Y.M.C.A. and its war activities, tells an amusing story of a soldier who had fallen a victim to one of the first gas attacks by the Germans in Flanders. He was invalided out of the Army, but suffered from delusions, imagining that he had no money to buy food or other necessities. He resolved to send a letter to the Almighty, appealing to Him for help. So, with much care and trouble he wrote a letter, which read as follows:

"Dear Lord,—I am poor soldier, broken by the War. I am desperately hard up and haven't got money with which to buy food, clothing or any of the other necessities of life. Unless you send me ten pounds and send it quick, I don't know what on earth I am going to do."

He addressed the letter to "The Almighty" and posted it in a pillar-box. In due time it was delivered to the War Office; and the clerks who opened it did a very generous thing. Between them they subscribed no less than seven pounds, which they sent to the poor man by post. It is easy to imagine his delight at receiving it, a reply as he thought, direct from Heaven. Later he sat down and wrote another letter to the Almighty:

"Dear Lord,—I thank you for answering my last letter in the way you did. You have no idea what a help the money has been to me; now I have been able to buy food and clothing. But if you are ever going to send me any more money, please don't send it through the War Office, because they pinched three pounds out of the ten you sent me. If you send any more please send it through the Y.M.C.A." The Association regarded this as a very high compliment.

The quartermaster did not want to give Trooper Jones a new pair of boots. "The boots you have on are not worn out yet," he growled.

"Not worn out?" cried Jones in amazement. "Why the soles are so thin that if I tread on a dime I can tell whether it is heads or tails."

News of Other Days, Ten Years Ago.

Items taken from the Goat of November 1924

Brig.-Gen. C. J. Armstrong, C.B., C.M.G., made his annual inspection of the Cavalry Barracks on Nov. 6th. The morning was spent in inspecting "A" Squadron on their mounted parade and "D" Company The R.C.R. afterwards visiting the various garrison institutes, barracks rooms, and stables. In the afternoon a dismounted parade of the garrison was held at which the General presented Long Service and Good Conduct Medals to S.M. J. Mountford, R.C.D., and S/Sgt. W. Ellis, R.C.D. and war medals to Troopers Lawrence and Woods.

Regimental H.Q. and "B" Squadron returned from its summer vacation at Niagara Camp on the 21st and 22nd of September, and by the remarks heard no one was sorry.

"A" Squadron will again be represented at the Royal Winter Fair which is being held at Toronto from November 18th till November 26th. The party left St. Johns on the 16th inst, and consisted of Capt. D. A. Grant M.C., Lieut. L. D. Hammond, Cpls. Gilmore, Stanyar and Green, L/Cpl. McKerrall, and Tprs. Clark and Cross accompanied by our well known "long faced" performers "Mickie" "Polly", "Billie" "Dolly" "Witchcraft" "Brick Dust" "Lady E" and "Jorlocks." During their stay in Toronto, the party will be quartered at Stanley Barracks.

On October 25th "D" Coy the

R.C.R. under the command of Major A. H. W. Landon, O.B.E. M.C., moved into Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Que.

On Monday March 10th the N.C.O's and men opened the season by entertaining their friends at a dance in the gymnasium. It is reported that it was one of the most successful evening ever held.

On October 24th a very enjoyable smoking concert was held in the Cavalry Barracks. Major Roy Nordheimer was the senior officer present owing to the absence of Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., S.S.M., Smith was in the chair.

Copy of Letter from a Scandinavian Merchant in Porto Rico To a Manufacturer of Pumping Machinery.

Gentlemen,

I got the pump which I buy from you but why for gods sake you doan send me no handle, I loose to me my customer wat the use a pump wen she doan have no handle sure I think you doan treat me write I wrote 16 days and my customer he holler for water like hell from the pump you know he is hot summer now and the wind he no blow the pump. She got no handle sowat the hell I goan to do with it if doan send me no handle pretty quick I send her back and I goan order some pump from Myers Companie Goodbye.

Yours truly,

P.S.—Since I write I find the goddam handle in the box excuse to me.

Trooper: "You should always make light of your troubles."

N.C.O.: "Yes, when ever I receive any bills I always burn them."

Officers and men

support an old comrade by purchasing your drugs and toilet articles at

REGNIER'S Drug Store

Richelieu St.

Phone 582

St. Johns

Records of Other Regiments.

THE ROYAL CORPS OF SIGNALS

Signalling was used in the British Navy long before it was adopted by the British Army. In fact British military signalling is a comparatively modern institution.

The first use of flag signalling by the British Army on active service was in the Abyssinian Campaign of 1868, when Lieut. Morgan, R.E. took out a specially trained detachment of eleven n.e.o.'s. and sappers. They did such good work that it was decided to adopt flag signalling throughout the Army. The whole line of advance on Magdala was through mountainous country, often at a greater height than Mont Blanc, and it will readily be understood that the transmission of messages by 'flag-wagging' was a much easier and quicker way of communication than the old system of employing messengers. Unfortunately, Lieut. Morgan was wounded in the assault on Magdala, and died of exposure and fatigue a few days later. He was probably the first "Signals" officer to die on active service.

Before this, the telegraph had been experimented with as a means of communication on active service. During the Crimean War we find record of the establishment of an electric telegraph for communication between the base and the trenches. The laying of the wire (in trenches eighteen inches deep) was a matter of some difficulty owing to the severity of the Russian winter. When sent out from England it was intended that the line should be laid with a plough. The drum and its wire would be attached, the wire end passing through the plough-share which was hollow for that purpose. As the plough moved on, the drum revolved, the wire being deposited at the bottom of the furrow, and the plough-share was so formed that as it passed along it would refill the furrow, thus automatically burying the wire. This worked very well in England, but the plough would make no impression on the frozen soil of the Crimea, so the lines had to be buried with pick and shovel. Altogether twenty one miles of wire were laid down

Lieut. Stopford, R.E., was in charge, with Cpl. Fraser as his chief assistant. Between them they had to train a staff of sappers as telegraph operators, as none with previous experience were available.

The first mention of heliograph or "flash" signalling in the British Army appears to be during the Zulu War, 1879, when Fort Ekowe, with its small garrison of Buffs, was cut off by the Zulu, Lieut. C. Haynes, R.E., who was at the base, suggested that signals be sent to the beleaguered garrison by "flashing" in the Morse Code. For a whole week he persevered, before he got an answer. Most men would have given up in despair long before that since there was no lack of critics to tell him he was "wasting his time" and "attempting the impossible."

The outbreak of the Franco-German War in 1870 caused a general overhauling of the British Army and among the much needed steps towards modernization was the formation of a permanent "Telegraph Troop" ("C" Troop, R.E.) This was formed at Chatham in August 1870. In April 1884, 'C' Troop was amalgamated with the 22nd and 34th (Telegraph) Companies, R.E., to form "The Royal Engineers Telegraph Corps." Two months later this title was altered to "The Telegraph Battalion, Royal Engineers." The 22nd and 34th Cos had been lent to the General Post Office for duty when the Government purchased the entire telegraph system of the country in 1870.

Major Beresford has left an interesting account of the attack on "McNeill's Zareba" in the Soudan Campaign of 1885. After mentioning how the Telegraph Detachment helped the Marines to defend the breastwork, while communication was maintained with the main body of British troops some miles away, he says, "Two press messages, one for 'The Times' and one for 'The Daily News' were also handed in by the special correspondents and despatched immediately. While sending these messages Lee Cpl. Bent had on several occasions to leave the instrument to assist in the defence, when the enemy appeared to be closing round them again. The work that the Telegraph did this day, the first occasion on which it has been

used in the shooting line during an action by any European power, has clearly demonstrated its great utility on the field of battle."

In 1907 the Telegraph branch of the Royal Engineers was re-organized to consist of 'K. Co. (employed under the G.P.O.) seven 'Divisional Telegraph Companies' of which 6 were attached to the 6 existing Regular Divisions at home the seventh being in South Africa. In addition two "Air Line" Companies and two "Wireless Telegraph" Companies were raised. In 1910 the "Divisional Telegraph Companies" were re-named "Divisional Signal Companies," and it was under this title that they served in the Great War. To quote the words of Colonel John Buchan, "At the beginning of the war the service of communications in the Army was organized as the Signals Branch of the Corps of Royal Engineers. This provided and maintained all communications, comprising Telegraph, Telephone, Visual Signalling, and Despatch Riders (Horse, Motor-Cycle, and Cycle). A Signal Service Company, suitably equipped and organized for its multi-farious duties, was provided in war establishments as a part of the headquarters of each of the higher formations—Division, Corps and Army. The development of scientific trench warfare on the Western Front vastly increased both the importance and the complexity of the communications of the contending armies.

The work of the Signal Companies in France and Belgium was by no means safe or easy. For instance, in the Belgian Coast and Bray Dunes sector it is recorded that "on such terrain the preparations presented extreme and unique difficulties, and those of the Signals were enhanced by the fact that not only did the nature of the ground forbid deep cable buries, but very few shallow ones existed; while the existing communications—naturally inadequate—were almost entirely open wire to within four thousand yards of the front line and sited along roads certain to be shelled."

A day when heavy fighting took part of the front is described (from the Signals point of view) as follows, "This day was naturally a most trying one for the Signal personnel. Nearly all wire communication was lost in the

first two hours, and all formations, from Corps downwards had to fall back on despatch runners on the shell-swept roads. Very fine work was done by the Signal Company despatch riders, while the sections strove to patch up and keep going the vital command lines. Thanks to cool and quick repair work by the sappers, and to the use of a short piece of cable trench completed on the previous day, touch was kept with most of the Heavy Artillery Groups constantly firing throughout the day. The observation lines could not, however, be kept going, and thus the batteries not put out of action were blinded, and could not effectually support the infantry from the river. Oost Dunkirk village suffered heavily and after nightfall the Heavy Artillery Staff were forced to move into the Sand Dunes half a mile to the flank when temporary cables were run back to the signal office at the Villa Rosaire, which enjoyed protection in a sand-bagged shelter behind the house. As this shelter was the only place in the village enjoying any degree of protection, it became during that day a temporary aid-post for wounded and a refuge for the few remaining villagers. Amid these conditions, and deafened by the crashing explosions of the shells among the houses, the telephonists managed to carry on with wonderful efficiency for twenty four consecutive hours. Conditions at Coxyde office were very similar. During this period the (Signal Company) sappers stationed at the forward test points had a most trying experience. Owing to the frequent breakdowns they were perpetually working on the cable trenches by day and by night, employed in and substituting lines. The frequent use of gas-shells made it necessary that at their isolated points they should secure the gas-blankets of their dug-out entrances at night, and this inevitably produced an atmosphere little inferior to the gas itself!

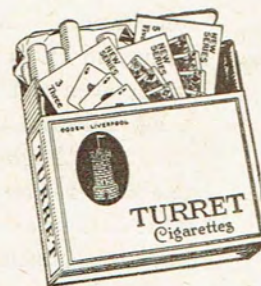
The uniform worn by the Signal Companies during the Great War was that of the Mounted branch of the Royal Engineers with the addition of blue and white brassards as the distinguishing mark of the Signal Service.

Owing to the vital importance of communications in modern warfare it was decided to remove the



SAGGIN' WHEELS . . .

You can't blame him for airing his grievance. But wait 'till he lights up a Turret Cigarette that will help to steer him to real contentment however "flat" the outlook may be. Turret's smooth, satisfying goodness *does* carry a man home to genuine smoking enjoyment.



Quality and Mildness
Turret
CIGARETTES
SAVE THE POKER HANDS

Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada, Limited.

Army Signal Services from the Royal Engineers and to make them a separate and distinct corps of their own. Therefore, in 1920, "The Royal Corps of Signals" was created. At first the corps had its headquarters at Maresfield Park, Sussex, but the depot has since been removed to the new "Aldershot of the North" at Catterick Camp, Yorkshire. The Record Office of the corps is at Chatham—the place where the Army's first detachment of signallers was trained. Signal units are stationed in all parts of the Empire which are garrisoned by British Regular troops.

The badge of the corps shows a globe and the figure of Mercury (the messenger of the Gods) with an oval band inscribed "Royal Corps of Signals". The uniform of the corps is scarlet with black facings—this being the only red-coated corps in the British Army with the word "Royal" in its title which does not wear blue facings. The regimental march is an adaptation of the old English ballad, "Begone, dull care," and the motto of the corps is "Certa Cito."

R. Maurice Hill.

A HORSE EPITAPH

Soft lies the turf on these who find
their rest
Beneath our common mothers ample breast.
Unstained by meanness, avarice or pride,
They never cheated and they never lied,
They ne'er intrigued a rival to dispose,
They ran, but never betted on the race,
Boundless in faith and love and gratitude,
Happy the man, if there be any such
Of whom his epitaph can say so much.

Finger prints as a means of identification were known in China as long as 400 B.C.

When a man drinks to forget
the only thing he forgets is when to stop.

Other Men Who Never Came Home

Ex-Soldiers Who have Adopted
France as Their Country

K. Norman Hillson

The British Army left like 20,000 men in France. They have lived there since the days of demobilisation. They will die there at the end of half a lifetime spent obtaining a living in France among French people. Hundreds of them are beginning to forget how to speak English, but only a few score have really learned to talk French. Seventy-five per cent of them spend their days among a strange people whose language is only now and then comprehensible to their Anglo-Saxon ears.

The question of the ex-Service man in France is one of the minor but very interesting problems of the Continent to-day. There was always a considerable colony of British people resident on French soil. Cannes, Biarritz, Aix-les-Bains and Paris had its British devotees even before the time when King Edward the Seventh made the Cafe Anglais the most fashionable restaurant in Europe. Their children were born there and they have joined the great army of cosmopolitans who are as much at home in a French salon as a Pall Mall club. I know British families in Paris who have lived there for fifty and sixty years, who own no property in England and who never visit England.

The ex-Service man living in France is quite a different type. He is an opportunist whose chance of finding field came by the purely fortuitous circumstance of the war. You find his type everywhere. They have not confined their field to the battle areas. Far from it. I have come across former Tommies scratching an existence in Limoges. I once bought a newspaper in Lyons from a man who told me he had served in the Welsh Fusiliers in the Somme battle. I know a former Grenadier who runs a very successful drinking booth near the Cannebiere in Marseilles. Years ago I met a wounded ex-Service man doing odd jobs on the wine quays of Bordeaux. Very few of them are really prosperous, but they manage to live. One and all have a

philosophy—it is better to eat in France than go hungry in Ebbw Vale or the West Riding.

In Paris, of course, there are ex-Service men's organization. The number of former British soldiers permanently residents in the French capital runs into several thousands, apart altogether from clerks in British banks, warehouses, shipping offices and similar concerns. The racing industry of France absorbs hundreds of British stable lads, but this was ever so. The new industry of motor and charabanc travel, however, had opened a new field for the ex-Service man and it is here that the Ex-Service man flourishes. They migrated from the Royal Army Service Corps and transport organizations into civilian garages just after the war. There was hundreds who were enterprising enough to realize that pilgrimages to the battlefield would become one of the great tourist industries. They constituted themselves drivers and guides, and no men were better fitted for the task. For seven years they continued to ply their various vehicles up and down the line from Amiens, Albert, Abbeville and Hazebrouck.

Many of them went to the coast towns, like Calais and Dieppe, and continued to hire out their motor cars to trippers. The wiser ones turned to the Riviera, the Emerald Coast, and the Silver Shore. They began to run excursions from Paris to the Chateaux of the Loire, to Pierrefonds, to Compiègne, and a score of other places of historic interest. They are still doing so to this day. Only a few weeks ago, at Trouville, I met a young man who had served in the Air Force with distinction. He works as an assistant in a firm running vehicles to Mont St. Michel during the summer.

In the winter he has his own car agency at Mentone. He makes only a moderate living, but he is very contented. He imagines he could not get a job in England and he is probably right.

American Tourist (to Canadian Northwest Indian) White man glad to see red man. Whiteman hopes big chief is feeling top hole this morning."

Inding (calling) Hay, jake, come here and listen to this bozo he's great.

GENERAL ORDERS FOR CHOW HOUNDS

My General Orders are:

- 1.—To take charge of this plate and all implements in view.
- 2.—To sit at my plate in a military manner, keeping constantly on the alert, allowing nothing to pass without proper helping.
- 3.—To report any visitors, non-commissioned officers, or privates, who fail to consume enough to last until Xmas day,
- 4.—To repeat all calls for seconds, thirds, fourth, etc., while breath lasts.
- 5.—To quit the table only at the arrival of the ambulance.
- 6.—To receive, obey and pass on to my immediate neighbor all orders from the Mess Sergeant, cooks and (eat more.)
- 7.—To hold conversation that will disturb my eating with no one.
- 8.—To allow no one to pass a dish without first levying duty on said subject.
- 7.—To salute all non-recognizable dishes.
- 10.—In case of fire or disorder to carry as much food as possible from the dining room in my pockets, or any other handy receptacle.
- 11.—To keep on eating in all cases not covered by instructions.
- 12.—Between the hours of 1.30 and 4.00 p.m. to make frequent visits to the kitchen.

A harassed looking man entered a phonograph store and inquired for some modern light music, preferably dance records. "Very well, sir," said the assistant "I understand perfectly, by the way didn't you buy some records of operatic music here last week?"

"That's right" said the customer miserably "but my wife doesn't care for them, she wants something really snappy."

The assistant took down a number from the shelves, "Have you had seven years with the wrong woman?" he asked naming a popular piece of music. "No Twelve" snapped the customer, "But anyway what the blazes has that got to do with you?"

Ghost Voice of the War.

British Prison Camp Records

I have discovered, in a small room at the Prussian State Library, a little collection of gramophone records lying hidden away on a dusty shelf, ticketed and catalogued but forgotten and unprized. To Englishmen these dusty envelopes and the round black plates inside them are of poignant interest. In this set of gramophone re-

scholars persuaded British prisoners to speak for their machine. Their intent was purely scientific, but incidentally, they produced one of the most human memorials of the War.

When peace came the records were analysed phonetically, a treatise was written on the results, and then, having served their purpose, they were consigned to the oblivion of the State archives in Berlin. There I found them lying buried beneath a pile of similar records of Russian, French, Serbian and Italian prisoners—a ghostly chorus of the War. I sat for two hours in the little room, while out of a gramophone there spoke

An identification card is attached to each record, registering the prisoner's birthplace, his age and his occupation previous to his joining the Army, but alas, never his name. These faded paper slips remind one of the nameless epitaphs of Flanders. Some of the slips read as follows:

"Born in 1891 at Bolton, northwest of Manchester. Grew up just outside Bolton. Education, Board school. Occupation: Cotton spinner. Remarks: Speaker very reticent in giving information about himself."

"Born in 1895 at Middleton. Father a factory inspector, "gaffer" at Middleton. Was christened Keir

on the railways. Then to sea in a trawler. Was torpedoed, rescued, and taken to Cuxhaven as a prisoner of war."

Apart from these identification cards each record has attached to it a literal transcription of the words spoken.

"No, his eldest son was workin' in the fields," a Gordon Highlander born in Glasgow in 1891 parish of Basny, concludes his tale. "An' as he cam ower tae the hoo-se he hearrd music and dancin', so he ca'ed one of the sairrvants and asked him, 'Whut dea thae things mean?' And the sairrvant said to him, 'Your brither has came hame and faither has killed

DRINK

Dow
OLD STOCK
ALE

STANDARD OF STRENGTH AND QUALITY

57

cords are preserved for ever the wartime voice and speech of British soldier prisoners in Germany. Two German scholars, Professor Alois Brandl, one of the world's foremost authorities on Shakespeare, and Dr. Wilhelm Doegen, an eminent phonetician, made them between 1916 and 1918, in order to have for purposes of philological research a living record of the British ranker's English. Professor Brandl and Dr. Doegen toured the prison camps of Germany for two years. They visited Holmsinden, Doeberitz, Parchim, Wittenberg, Guestrow, Bradenburg, and many other centres of grim memory. Everywhere the two

to me mystic British voices from the dark, barbed wire past of them years ago. One after another I heard the voices of men from Glasgow and Blantyre, Blackpool and Bathgate, Martham, and Motherwell, Norfolk men, Scotsmen and men from Lancashire. Each voice told in a mixture of Army slang and homely idiom Our Lord's parable of the Prodigal Son. The story is told by each prisoner in his own words without adherence to the text of St. Luke. Never has this parable been related more movingly than by these captive Englishmen, themselves suffering misery and privation in a foreign land.

after a famous chemist. Worked as a cotton spinner until 1914, when he became a soldier."

"Born in 1896 at Newart Hill, near Motherwell. Father and mother of same town. Education: Board school; then for three years Academy at Bellshill. Returned to Motherwell where he carried bread daily as a vanman for his brother, a baker. Joined the Army in 1916 Can speak a little French."

"Born in 1887 at Martham. Father a market gardener. Mother from a neighbouring village. Board school. Apprenticed to a wheelwright blacksmith in Norfolk. Then at sea for five years as a fisherman. Next an engine cleaner

the fatted coo, because he has got him back again safe and sound."

"Then he was angry and wud-na gae in. So his father cam' oot an' asked him to come in. An' he said tae his faither: 'Thae money years hae I served ye and hae always din what ye tell'd me t'dae, but ye never gi'ed me even a kid, so that I mecht hae a feast with ma freends. But as soon as my brither comes home who has spent a' his money in wild livin', ye hae the fatted coo killt for him.' An' the faither said tae him, 'Darr chiel, ye're always wi' me, and a' that I hae is yours. But your brither was deid an' is aleeve again. He was lost an' is foond.'"

"PIGGY" HIGGS-PLUTO- CRAT.

By Trooper White, The Life
Guards.

(Courtesy The Household Brigade
Magazine.)

"Topper" Brown adopted a bird-of-prey attitude and swooped down upon the unsuspecting Tpr. Horatio Higgs, with the words, "What about this blightin' 'alf a dollar, Piggy?" Piggy dumbly but eloquently dived deep in his trouser pocket and held out fourpence, for inspection. "Cripes," snorted Topper, "your a ruddy fine cove, any'ow."

A pained expression fitted across Piggy's cadaverous features, "My good Topper," he exclaimed "worryin' your self over trifles. Think of the rent we owes America, and consider yerself lucky it is only a paltry 'alf a crown or dollar, as you so coarsely hexpressesit." This flow of eloquence left Topper gasping, and Piggy the tactician, filed quietly into the wet bar.

"Good evening," greeted Bill the barman, as Piggy approached the bar. "No credit, Mr. 'iggs."

"Credit!" retorted Piggy indignantly; "you refuse the 'ouse of 'iggs credit! Here"—planking down on the counter three-quarters of his capital—"give me a small one."

Bill's face lit up as he observed the coin of the realm. "Your little account, Mr. 'iggs—p'raps—"

"P'raps nothing," returned Piggy on his dignity. "I was a going to pay you if you 'adn't been so himpudent." Carefully placing the "staff of life" on the table, for fear of losing a drop Piggy sat down and looked around. There were about half a dozen fellow-troopers seated also, but they very conveniently looked away as he tried to catch their eyes. "Blowed if I know," ruminated he gloomily; "the Army's going to the dogs. Just 'cause a bloke's a bit short of the needy they gives 'im a miss-in-balk."

Just then the door swung open, breaking up his reflection. The newcomer was one 'Abe' Rywell, a trooper of Jewish descent and Scotch habits. It was his nightly

custom to purchase from the wet-bar a packet of Carters' Crisps from which he made a frugal repast that counted as supper. Naturally in the face of such economy he was reported to be passing wealthy, but much eloquence had been wasted in trying to extract a loan from him. Piggy, however, came of optimistic stock.

"Hullo, Abe!" he cried affably; "I got some news for you."

Abe glanced at him with natural suspicion, but anyhow sat down in the next chair.

"Look 'ere," began Piggy confidentially, "it's me birthday tomorrow, and the old chap alus sends me a quid; lend me ten bob. I'll give yer twelve-and-six back."

Such a rate of interest aroused Abe's business instincts, and the story was original, but his native caution prevailed. "I'm thorry," he began, and recited a list of people he had just lent money to, leaving himself short.

"Skates!" snapped Piggy tersely, realizing the hopelessness of his appeal, "Pop off."

Abe, full of apologies, skated.

Just then a brilliant idea smote Piggy's rather thick skull. "'Ere Jonah," he remarked to one of his more affluent associates, "lend us a ha'-penny?"

Jones, only too pleased to get off so lightly obliged. With this and his remaining penny Piggy immediately purchased a stamp. Ten minutes later he was poring diligently over a page torn from a Sunday newspaper.

"Huh!" grunted his bedstick, one "Sweeny" Todd, glancing over. "football competition! What a ruddy 'ope your got!"

"Yeth," put in Abe Rywell, "not much chance."

"Shut up, Rabbi!" snapped Piggy. Abe quickly subsided.

"Might be able to pay yer blomin' debts if yer win," announced the disconsolate 'Topper Brown' memoris of half a crown still ranking.

"All right—all right" said Piggy loftily; "You will all be faun-igating round me, I suppose, when I get the money." There was a general outburst of sarcasm at this.

Saturday arrived. Piggy, after his usual Friday night enjoyment was terribly bent if not completely broke. Eagerly he pounced on the newspaper boy that evening who appeared with "all the results." List in hand, Piggy began to check

his forecast. Twelve results had to be forecasted and he grew vibrantly excited as he scanned the results. "Strewth!" he gasped, "ten right so far." His roommates gathered round as he turned feverishly to the top press column. This announced that Aston Villa had drawn away from home an Manchester City had won. "Blime!" croaked Piggy in a strained voice, "I got the bloomin' lot right."

Abe the business man took the paper and re-checked the coupon "Ith right, you chaps," he announced. "Two hundred and fifty quids, Piggy old boy."

The plutocrat came out of his trance. "Come on, you blokes, all of you we'll have a good drink on this." With the prospect of free beer, they went; even Abe, who didnt drink wasnt going to miss a free treat.

"Twelve pints" said Bill the barman doubtfully. "'Ere, the —"

Magnificently Piggy flourished the football coupon. "It's all right," said Topper Brown, "We saw the dear old fellows send it."

"Good 'eavens," said Bill "Two hundred and fifty quid. Course you can 'ave credit Mr. Higgs—a good customer like you."

"Dear ole Piggy," said Topper joyously, as he negotiated his fifth pint, "I was only jokin' about that 'alf dollar."

"Never mind," returned Piggy grandiloquently "I'll give yer ten bob interest when I get me money."

The beer and excitement had a mellowing effect on even Abe Rywell. "I thay, Piggy" he lisped, "I can lend you a fiver if you gimme seven quid back."

"Done," said Piggy, and with a magnificent gesture paid his account behind the bar, to the joy and relief of Bill the barman.

Piggy sent in his claim to the Sunday Scribe, and the ensuing week was one of unrivalled prosperity in Piggy's own room. Abe stood banker, and by Friday Piggy owed him the sun of eleven pounds ten, plus five pounds interest.

Saturday morning, and the orderly-corporal presented Piggy with an official and prosperous-looking letter. "Hi, you bloke," he cried waving it aloft, "'ere it is!" Up dashed Abe, propelled by his Semitic origin. Round him they all crowded "Stand back! chuckle Piggy, delaying the great

moment; then with trembling fingers tore open the envelope. Eagerly he scanned the important typed missive. A slow horror spread over his face. His eyes rolled awfully and the letter fell from his nerveless fingers. Abe scenting tragedy, snatched it up and read aloud in a quavering voice.

"Dear Sir,
"The publishers of the Sunday Scribe have much pleasure in forwarding you the sum of fifteen shillings (15's) as your share of our Football Competition of the 11th that you forecasted correctly. You share the prize of £250 with 374 other of our readers. Wishing you further success.

We are,
Yours sincerely,
"The Sunday Scribe."

Abe finished the letter in a hysterical voice. "My God! My God! my lovely monies!" he cried.

"Shove the rotten sprucer in the water trough, someone suggested.

Willing hands obliged. Water had no effect, Piggy laid there—head and feet protruding, his eyes still bulging at the postal order for fifteen shillings.

A soldier in Barracks asked for exemption from church parade the grounds being that he was an agnostic. The sergeant-major assumed an expression of innocent interest. "Don't you believe in the Ten Commandments 'he asked mildly." Not one, s'r," was the reply.

What, not the rule about keeping the Sabath?"

"No, sir," came the reply.

"Ah, well, you're the very man I've been looking for to scrub out the canteen.

A busy business man was using the telephone "I want Bank double-two double two", he said. "Two-Two, Two-Two" repeated the girl in the exchange reproachfully.

"Oh, all right" said the man patiently "You get me the number and we will play at trains later on."

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The Gallant Dead Become Gods.

The belief of the Easterns that death in battle leads to Paradise.

Good Moslems believe that, if they fall on the field of battle, they will enjoy all the pleasures of the hours of Paradise, and loyal Japanese believe that everyone who dies fighting for his Fatherland will become reincarnated as a god. Thus, according to this tenet, the Japanese can never be conquered, for the national gods fight on the side of their earthly comrades, and, in addition, the Japanese soldier, hoping to become a god, is nerved to great deeds of daring and sacrifice.

This primitive belief receives extraordinary force in connection with the festivals, at the Yasukuni Jinja, one of the biggest shrines in Tokio, dedicated to those who fall in battle. Solemn rituals, in which all classes participate, are celebrated here twice a year. During the festival all schools are closed and thousands of children are led in long lines to pay obeisance at the shrine, while profusely decorated army officers deliver lectures on the valour of those who now sleep in what may be regarded as Japan's Westminster Abbey.

The Japanese militarist believes, however that Christianity tends to separate mankind from God, and the Japanese is, therefore, unable to grasp the motive power for some of the bravest achievements in the Western world.

At a recent Yasukuni Jinja festival, one Gen. Bunjiro Horiuchi declared that a Christian soldier could not fight with bravery equal to that of a Japanese. The reason he advanced is that a Japanese soldier is sure to be a god after his death if he fights for his country and his king!

General Horiuchi has been in Europe has seen the tribute paid annually to Britain's Fallen from the ends of the earth at the Cenotaph; he has seen the gallant manner in which the French honour those whom they have crowned in death with the laurel leaves of triumph. But he thinks the manner of paying respect is niggardly

compared with the manner in which the Japanese respect their fallen. Japanese psychology simply cannot take in the solemnity of a grave silence and of merely 'taps,' the soldier's requiem.

It is a belief, that the soul of one faithful to his king and country will be beatified, that probably accounts for the persistent belief that may be discerned east, north south, and west in the land of the little brown men that Japan will never be whipped in any struggle, whether her armament be weak or her forces be small. Each dead soldier becomes a kami (god), and how can the gods lose against the mere mortals of the West, or of the East for that matter?

THE RADIO ANNOUNCER SAYS GOODNITE TO HIS GIRL

"For the past five hours, forty-two and one-half minutes, darling, you have been entertained by the Burns Grill, the Palace Theatre, and McGoofy's Nite Club, through the courtesy of Percy Gargle, who has taken you out to dinner a show, supper, and dancing, respectively. I am sure you have been pleased with this evening's entertainment, sweetheart, and if you care to show your appreciation, you may do so by merely sending a card, letter, or telegram to my place at 1416 Catskill Avenue—or telephone Grand 8942. If you have any suggestions as to subsequent entertainment, or any special requests concerning time, place, etc., of further meetings, do not hesitate to mention them, and I shall be only too glad to give them my attention as soon as possible. I am appearing in your company at a frequency of not less than once a day by authority of your co-operation and encouragement, and my next period of blissful companionship with you will be tomorrow night at nine o'clock p. m., at which time I shall arrive to escort you to the Radio Announcer's Ball. Until that time, dear Percy Gargle, himself speaking, is wishing you goodnite and good luck at exactly sixteen and three-fourths minutes past one o'clock Central Standard time. Goodnight

The Twenty-Four Hours Mutiny.

By Lieut. W. H. Williams, A.E.C.

(In the 4/7th Droagoon Guards Magazine)

Sialkot, 9th 10th July, 1857.

A pathetic little cemetery lies at the foot of the Fort in Sialkot City bearing witness to the very wide extent in rank of those few who were killed as the result of the mutiny which broke out among the Indian troops in the Cantonment on the early morning of the 9th July, 1857. The graves are only eight in number, and contain the remains of Brigadier General Frederick Brin, C.B., commanding the Brigade, Captain W. L. M. Bishop, Brigade Major, Captain J. E. Sharpe, Commissary Officer, Dr. James Graham, M.D., Superintending Surgeon Dr. John Colin Graham, M.D., Civil Surgeon, Reverend T. Hunter, M.A., Church of Scotland Mission, Mrs. T. Hunter and baby, and Hospital Sergeant Nulty.

At the beginning of 1857, the following troops were quartered in Sialkot Cantonment under the command of Brigadier-General F. Brind: British—The 52nd Light Infantry, a Troop of Horse Artillery (Col. Dawes,) a battery of Field Artillery (Capt. Boucher,) a total of about 900 all ranks. Indians—25th Native Infantry (Major Drake,) 46th Native Infantry, (Col. Farquharson) and the 9th Bengal Cavalry (Col. Campbell,) making a total of about 2,200 all ranks.

As will be remembered the Indian Mutiny broke out at Meerut on 10th May, 1857. In pursuance of the Government policy of withdrawing all British troops from scattered and outlying stations, the British units were sent to join General John Nicholson's Flying Column which was based on Amritsar to intercept any mutineers trying to reach Delhi from the north and west.

Sir John Lawrence intimated that he could not hold the newly formed Punjab Government responsible for the safety of the families remaining in Sialkot Cantonment, and offered the hospitality of Lahore Fort to those British

residents who wished to avail themselves of such protection, in the event of the mutiny spreading to the Native troops left in the station.

Very few took advantage of this offer. It was known before this that disaffection was rife among the troops, but every hope was entertained that the British Officers, would succeed in maintaining the loyalty of the Natives in their regiments. So confident was the Brigadier, that no steps were taken even to disarm the troops as had been done in other stations in the Punjab. As a precautionary measure, however, the rendez-vous in case of emergency was changed from the military detention barracks, to the old fort of Sardar Teja Singh in the City, and into this fort the Treasury was quietly moved. Provisions and other preparations were established by the Deputy Commissioner M. Monckton in case it would be found necessary to house any refugees from the Cantonment. At the same time a Sikh Levy of two hundred men of the district was raised and trained for protective purposes.

The mutiny of the troops at Jhelum, and the capture by them of a piece of artillery made it more than certain that an outbreak would occur at Sialkot.

It is generally thought that the moving spirit whose influence led to the actual outbreak among the

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native troops in Sialkot was one Harmat Khan. This man was a renowned swordsman, of hefty build and strong. He had been employed as professional flogger at the Sialkot District Jail, but had been discharged by Mr. Monkton owing to a quarrel with a Court Clerk about a woman. This man was mainly instrumental in fanning the embers into a perfect blaze at 4 a.m. on the 9th July. The British Officers rushed to their lines to try and restore some sort of order, but it was impossible. The Cavalry fanatically rode through the station, killing every white man they could and sparing none of their own who dared to oppose them. After releasing the prisoners from the jail, looting what remained of the Treasury, sacking the shops in the Suddar Bazar, burning the Courts and blowing up the Artillery Magazine, the mutineers marched out of the station at about 5 p.m. that evening leaving it in ruins.

It is impossible in this short account to give any detail of the privations and hardships undergone by the British folk during the awful twenty-four hours following the outbreak or of the narrow escapes which many had in reaching the safety of the fort. Just a few incidents may suffice to bring home to those who generally confine their reading of the Indian Mutiny to Meerut, Delhi, Cawnpur and Lucknow, the fact that the smaller outlying stations suffered equally as severely as the larger garrisons during that grossly ill-advised and misguided rising of the soldiery of the Indo-Gangetic Plain—men who had hitherto and have since given evidence of the great benefit resulting from British influence in India.

Brigadier-General Brind at this time lived in what is now known as No. 119 bungalow. He had risen early and was discussing plans following on the knowledge that the troops at Jhelum had mutinied, when suddenly a shot passed through his window. He immediately ordered his horse and rode out among the mutineers. A shot from a troopers' carbine entered his back near the spine. He drew his pistol to retaliate, when he found that the charges had been teacherously withdrawn—this was afterwards discovered to be the

work of his Khansamah—but he managed to ride the trooper down and to break his jaw with the butt-end of the weapon. Meanwhile he was getting weaker, and only just managed to sit his horse as far as the fort. He died twelve hours later in great agony.

The General Khansamah was another of the principal figures in the mutiny in Sialkot. He assisted in organizing the rising of the "the Cavalry, and encouraged all the officers' servants to render their masters defenceless by stealing their swords and by withdrawing the charges from their pistols. He it was who took the Cantonment time-gun and worked it fairly successfully during the subsequent campaign against the Flying Column.

Captain W. L. M. Bishop lived in the bungalow now used as the Cantonment Executive Office. He and his wife drove towards the fort. The carriage got as far as the spot now occupied by the city railway station after a desperate race with some of the troopers of the 9th Cavalry when it overturned. He was shot down while his wife just managed to reach the fort on foot.

Dr. J. C. Graham was a comparatively young man—only thirty years of age, and recently married. He and his wife were driving towards the fort when he was shot from behind. The shock proved too much for Mrs. Graham and she only survived him for a short time.

Dr. James Graham would undoubtedly have escaped but he and his daughter tarried too long in their preparations for departure. Two sowars coming up close to their carriage shot him through the body. Miss Graham blamed herself entirely for the death of her father, which might not have occurred had she spent less time over her toilet that morning.

And so the story goes on. Much more could be told. Each of the some eighty to a hundred European residents in the station at the time underwent his or her individual hardship in the mid-summer heat of that eventful 10th July 1857, and many are the letters and records still in existence which speak of the courage and fortitude displayed in the face of an almost impossible situation.

We must take our hats off to an

English drummer boy who dashed off on the morning of the 9th July on a bazar pony and rode straight into Lahore chattering fresh ponies in every village through which he rode. The authorities in Lahore apprised General Nicholson. The mutineers had made off in the direction of the Ravi River towards Gurdaspur with the object of eventually reaching the mutineers head-quarters at Delhi by a circuitous route avoiding Lahore. They crossed the Ravi at Trimmun Ghat, nine miles from Gurdaspur. General Nicholson meanwhile moved out from Arritsar and by marching forty miles in twenty-four hours, came up with the rebels at about 2 p.m. on the 12th July. During the action which lasted until the 15th July, very few of the mutineers escaped death, meet retribution being extended to the General's Khansamah.

Harsh and stern measures were taken against the surviving mutineers. Most of the goods and chattels were afterwards recovered from the surrounding villages. In ten days the Cantonments were pronounced safe enough for the return of those who still were couped up in hiding the few houses and in the fort during those anxious days.

The end of Harmat Khan is interesting. He had escaped into the mountains north of Jammu. In July 1862 a stranger arrived in a village near Sialkot to fetch the wife of one Fazlia for a "Harmat Shah." The headman of this village knew this woman for the one that Harma Khan had quarrelled about five years before. The headman consequently informed the police. A party was sent out, and Harmat Khan was found hiding in a hut near the city of Jammu. He put up a brave fight keeping forty men at bay for three hours. Eventually a sword cut across his loins resulted in his death. His body was brought to Sialkot, identified on oath and buried in a Mohamedan cemetery on the south side of the city. A monument was erected to his memory by the Mohamedans of the Suddar Bazar in the compound of No. 105 bungalow—this is still visited by devotees with lights and offerings who, not knowing the facts believe it to be the tomb of some martyr or saint.



Hogan was tired of the city and wanted to move out to the great open spaces where men are men and all that sort of thing, accordingly he sought information. "Clancy" he said, "Ye've taken a homestead, so you know all about it. Will ye be tellin me the law about it?"

"Well, you see" said Clancy judiciously "I'm not remembering the letter of the law, but here's what it amounts too. The government is willing to bet you wan hundred an sixty acers of land agin fourteen dollars, they ye can't live it five years without starvin to death."

The story is told of a Labour member who asked a French politician over here on a visit what he would take to drink.

"Well" was the reply "I will take a drop of your contradiction."

"What on earth is that," queried the astonished Englishman.

"Wy you put in de whisky to make it strong, de water to make it weak, de lemon to make it sour, de sugar to make it sweet, Den

you say. "Here's to you" and you drink it yourself."

"Have you heard about George inquired Oscar Whipple.

"Sure," I said, "he landed a job with the Government making steel engraving for the Treasury Department, wasn't it?"

"Yes," Oscar answered, "That is what he worked at for a while, but now he is working on the rock pile at Portsmouth."

"Poor old George, what in the world did he do?"

"Well," said Oscar, "George liked engraving all right, but he did not like doing it for the Government so he started in a business for himself."

A sentry in an Army camp down south heard footsteps and roared his challenge. From the darkness came the quavering reply "Ah's a citizen of de United States wif mah lady friend?"

Instructing the coloured rookie as to the proper way to reply to challenge, the sentry sent him on his way. A few minutes later a form approached and in answer to

the challenge came, "Ah's de man yo' tol' Ah was a frien' to yo all."

Sergeant "Dodds" I hear that you have been making dates with Minnie, the Pioneers daughter and staying out with her until the early hours of the morning, is that right, Dodds?"

Recruit (nervously) Yes, Sergeant, that is true."

Sergeant: "Well-er-ahem- I wonder if you would use your influence and get me a date with her sister Grace?"

The rather excited lady dashed hurriedly along the street and at last turned in at the gate upon which was a brass plate announcing that a doctor lived within.

Ringin the bell, she demanded to see the physician, and on being ushered into his consulting room, she burst out: "Oh, doctor will you please come at once. My husband has another of his bad fits."

The doctor at once started to make preparations for departure, and presently reached the patient's bedside. After he had examined the man he turned to the wife and said somewhat testily: "Why

didn't you send for me before?" You should not have waited until he lost consciousness."

"Well," answered the good woman, "as long as he had his senses he wouldn't let me send for you!"

He was spellbound by the magic loveliness, her charms caused time to pass unheeded as his eyes feasted upon her beauty, he was completely captivated, happy in an abject worship of her winsome grace. Her completeness dazed him, drugged his senses, he was as a man in a dream. He did not even know when she took his watch.

An English Bishop received the following note from the vicar of a village in his diocese: "My Lord, I regret to inform you of the death of my wife, can you possibly send me a substitute for the weekend."

Setting-up exercises and mass gymnastics are becoming a religion in European countries, says an observer. Now if they'd only get going on some settling up exercises.

GET

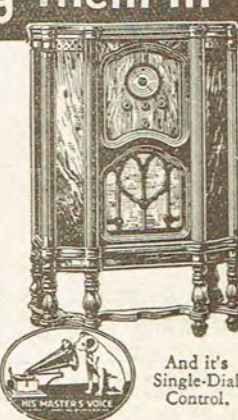
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A TALE OF THE BLACK LANCERS

(By permission of the Editor of the Somerset County Gazette.)

Private James Walker—to his familiars known as "Hookey"—had just been warned for barracks guard, which, owing to the frequency with which the Adjutant attended the mounting thereof, and the insistency with which the R.S.M. declared that "you can always tell a regiment's reputation by its guards, sir," was an ordeal, as far as the ceremony of parading was concerned not to be looked upon lightly by any member of the Black Lancers.

Hookey, upon this occasion, was most seriously perturbed. It was not that he had any difficulty in arriving at the required standard of absolute spotlessness of kit and equipment that the solemn rite demanded; the mysteries of crimping a plume, or tying an intricate sword-knot correctly, were a long acquired art with our friend.

The cause of his perturbation was the fact that he had an exceedingly important appointment to keep in town the following evening, and the knowledge that he should not, in the ordinary course, have been for duty on this particular day, had it not been for the fact that one man had that morning got a stiff dose of I.H.L. (imprisonment with hard labour,) and another had been sent away on a course, did not improve matters. Added to these complications was the fact that the Squadron-Sergt Major frowned upon anything in the shape of an exchange of duty, once a man had been "warned."

As was his wont in any dilemma Hookey sought out his particular "half-section," Jones.

Private Jones—for this was in the days when the nomenclature of Trooper was specially reserved for the men of the Household Cavalry—was an exceedingly light-hearted individual, with a much-guessed-at past, who kept his comrades in a state of perpetual admiration at his gift of ready repartee, and his Squadron Leader in just as constant a state of wondering in which direction "that damn fool, Jones," would break out next.

Jones was always a popular turn in the canteen, or at any regimental gaff, and on the rare occasions upon which he could be induced to figure upon a programme, either impromptu for the amusement of his comrades or in the presence of a more formal audience in the gymnasium-cum-theatre, he was always sure of a rousing reception. As a result of this it was generally accepted that he had been upon the stage, and no denial was ever given by the man most concerned.

Hookey therefore wended his way to the canteen, and found his pal in his usual seat. Seeing that Jones' mug was empty our friend ordered two pints of beer and a packet of Woodbines, and seated himself by his counsellor.

"Jones, I'm for guard to-morrow. I've got to get out of it somehow, or I'm in for an 'ell of a row down town, and you know what old Crafty Skinners' like about getting another bloke to do a duty wot you've been warned for. My girl's mother is coming in to stay a day or so wiv'er, and I got three seats at the cinema for us all to go. Nine-penny ones, too."

Hookey groaned, and continued: "Worse than that, Beulah—that's 'er name, and it's the only thing about her I don't like, sounds like a sick cow—has fixed up a swell feed for us, and got 'er missus' permission to invite 'er mother and me to supper after the show. If I don't turn up, Beulah 'll never forgive me, 'cos the old lidy is going to run 'er eyes over me points so to speak; and I'll lose her. Cawnt yer put us on to summat?"

"Couldn't I act as your deputy for the evening Hookey, and explain to the ladies that you have been suddenly warned for a course in London, or somewhere?" was Jones' first suggestion.

"Look 'ere, Jones, m'lady, I give you credit for a little common-sense. You can't fool Beulah with any yarn like that. She knows that I'm trying to get a 'dog dobbers' (officer's servant) job as soon as I get a chance, and ain't likely to go on no bloomin' course. You'll 'ave to do better than that."

"Well," replied Jones, "you look like doing a guard all right to-morrow, soldier. By the way, what sergeant is on with you?"

"Sergeant Ryan a big Irishman of C Squadron, is the bloke in charge, if 'e's sober enough after 'is St. Patrick's Day beano last

night. They didn't 'arf 'ave a time wiv'im in the mess, so Scrub by Edwards, the mess waiter told me."

"Ah, well, Hookey," Jones responded meditatively, "I suppose I've 'ave to see what can be done. Now you leave me a bob for beer, and buy me a couple of packets of fags, and then run away and get your kit ready."

"Why should I get me kit ready, if you're going to get me out of it?" retorted Hookey.

"You do as you're told, my son or you'll not see you fair lady or her mother tomorrow night. Get those fags and file off. One shilling, please. Thank you, soldier. Goodnight."

Guard-mounting in the Black Lancers occurred at 3p.m. each day, and was a marvel of perfection in the important details of wonderfully burnished steel, brilliantly polished boots, glittering spurs, immaculate tunics, and lance caps that were beyond reproach. Crimped pennons and plumes, creaseless overalls, newly oched cap-lines and spotless gauntlets, all served to complete the turn-out of a guard, of which any regiment in his Majesty's Service would feel proud.

Youthful orderly officers found this parade almost as great an ordeal as the members of the guard themselves, for the R.S.M. was always more than usually "regimental," and one never knew when the Adjutant was going to put in an appearance.

All the glamour and smartness however, did not make Sergeant Ryan happier when he paraded on the night of the particular guard with which we are concerned. The day was the 19th March, and Hookey's remark the previous evening anent the gallant non-com's St. Patrick's Day festivities had not, it would seem, been without justification. A lance-cap, too, is not the most comfortable headgear to wear under such circumstances, and inwardly Ryan was praying that no trivial loss of balance, or hesitation of command on his part, would mar the ceremony of marching off, and relieving the old guard. He was sadly aware of the fact that he was just in control of himself, and only just. He had not dared to apply for an exchange of duty for this particular guard, as the Adjutant and R.S.M. were fully aware of

his weakness, and would have guessed the real reason. So, soldier-like, he had to "stick it."

Our hero, Walker, had fallen in on the left, and as the guard that day numbered off from the right, he was third relief, as only one post was furnished, and that on the main gate.

Consequently, after the ceremonies of inspection, marching off, returning the old guard's compliments, taking over the guard-room etc., relieving the sentry, and finally being dismissed to the guard-room, had all been performed Walker had a period of four hours before he would take over the main gate.

The sentry post was from the main gate under the arched gateway, up to the barrack square, the guard-room being on the sentry's right as he paced towards the square. On the opposite side of the archway was the Quartermaster's stores, but the doorway of this was further down the arch towards the main gate.

At 7 p.m. precisely Sergeant Ryan paraded the bold Hookey, cloaked, as the order was for the third relief at this time of year inspected him, and marched him to the sentry box to relieve his comrade now on duty. Orders were read over, "Sentries pass," shouted in stentorian tones by the gallant sergeant, and Private Walker was left in sole charge of the main gate of the Cavalry Barracks at Shornshot. z

Also, exactly twenty-five minutes later the same Private Walker met his fiancée and her mother at the portals of the local picture palace, and somewhat hurriedly ushered them to the ninepenny seats that he had reserved, fervently praying that the "Regimental" or none of his own squadron N.C.O.'s were at the cinema that evening.

At about 7.45 p.m. Sergeant Ryan paid his first visit to the third relief. That is to say he stood at the door of the guardroom, and shouting "Everything all right Walker?" was content to hear Walker's cockney accent reply, "All correct, s'arnt."

At 9 p.m. when the sentries were again changed little could be seen of the face of either N.C.O. or men, as the old blue cavalry cloak, with collar turned up (it was a very cold night,) surmounted by a lance-cap, rendered a clear view impossible so the relief passed off without incident.

Sergeant Ryan was making out his guard report shortly after this when he looked towards the fireplace, around which the men were sitting, with their backs turned towards him, chaffing the trumpeter. It suddenly struck him there was something peculiar about Walker's appearance, but it was too indefinite to be tangible.

Thinking more of his aching head, and wondering if by any chance any of his fellow sergeants returning from town, could be induced to bring him across from the mess a drop of the "crathur" that he so sorely needed to help him through the night, he went on writing, and when he next looked up he saw that the man he thought was Walker was really Jones, of B Squadron. Laying down his pen in astonishment, he was just about to speak, when he heard the man who was addressing Jones say quite casually: "Don't you believe it 'Ookey! Jones knows no more about what's going to win the Grand National than we do! 'E's always hinferring that 'e knows more about anything that's going than any other bloke. 'E'd argue with the Colonel 'isself if the old man 'd give 'im a chance. Always swinging the lead 'e is."

And to the sergeant's astonishment, back come, in the unmistakable cockney tones of Walker " 'Orl right, old soldier; don't say I nevah put yer on when Sir 'Orace wins."

Before the sergeant's astounded eyes there stood Jones, but to his befuddled brain, the speech was that of Walker, whom he had posted on, and just lately relieved off the main gate.

The discussion as to the merits of the various fancies for the great steeplechase waxed and waned, and every one in the guard-room evidently quite believed they were talking to Walker and not Jones.

The man himself was now standing in the full glare of the gas and firelight, nonchalantly smoking a cigarette, and the sergeant particularly noticed a peculiar habit of Walker's of blowing the ash off a cigarette without removing it from his lips.

The mystified sergeant rose and went to the door, and it was Jones (or Walker—"who in hell was etc.") that moved a barrack form out of his way.

Unable to trust his own senses, Ryan did not know what to do,

The trumpeter, turning out to sound "Last Post," broke his cogitation, for, of course, the guard had to be turned out and inspected at that hour.

He had made up his mind to speak to Walker or Jones, or whoever it was, during this inspection, but as the guard was forming up he heard some one say, "Now then, 'ookey, you blinkin' near 'ad my heel spur off that time, you clumsy blighter," and this chance remark upset him again. He inspected the parade and turned them in without any remark.

The guard was turned out, and inspected by the orderly officer at 11.45 p.m. and that young gentleman, being anxious to get back to the comfort of the officers' mess, naturally failed to notice anything unusual, nor indeed was there anything unusual for him to notice.

At 1 a.m. Sergeant Ryan most punctiliously posted Jones, as Walker, and it was noticed that contrary to his usual practice, he did not visit this relief during the whole two hours, but spent the time smoking in front of the guard-room fire, apparently wrapt in a deep reverie.

Three a.m. came, and time to relieve the sentry.

Too dark to see clearly at the gate, you may judge of the sergeant's surprise when, having returned to the guard-room, he saw that the sentry he had brought in, who was now leisurely getting out of his cloak, was undoubtedly Walker.

"That cold east wind don't 'arf make two 'ours' sentry go seem a devil of a time s'arnt," volunteered Walker, and while his by this time completely bemused superior was trying to think of a remark nearly as cutting as the east wind referred to, the newly-relieved sentry had lit a cigarette, and had made himself as comfortable as the "guard order" of those days permitted, upon the hard plank bed.

The remainder of that guard was uneventful.

Had Sergeant Ryan visited the canteen that night he would have seen Jones, and all the members of his guard, except the trumpeter, seated at the same table, apparently enjoying themselves hugely. The trumpeter, singularly enough was in process of enjoying such a repast as only cavalry trumpeters can enjoy, in the coffee bar, and to everyone's astonish-

ment, and doubtless to his own, paying cash for everything he consumed.

The quartette in the canteen were listening to Jones: "Well, Hookey, your problem of how you were going to meet your girl and her mother in town when you were for guard, seemed pretty hopeless to me until you said that Paddy Ryan was to be in charge, as I knew the state his recent St. Patrick's Day celebrations would leave him in. The fact that old "Pony" Moore, the regimental storeman had a sleeping-out pass last night was a bit of sheer luck. It was not hard work to persuade him to let me have the key so that I could do some very special correspondence of mine, in the absolute privacy of his bunk in the stores, and that's another couple of bob you owe me. It was an ideal place for you and I to change in, the door being so close to the sentry post. I shall never forget poor old Ryan's face when he saw me in the guard room after having relieved you, as he thought and you other fellows were simply splendid in the entirely ordinary manner in which you talked to Hookey while looking at me."

"Your imitation of 'Ookey's accent and walk and all, was the best thing I've ever seen off the stage Jonesey," declared Tug Wilson.

"If Ryan's face when he saw you after the 9 o'clock relief was anything like it was when 'e had a dekko at my dial, as we came off the 3 o'clock turn—well I'll bet 'e won't forget this guard in a 'urry," quoth Walker.

"The only thing I didn't enjoy was walking abaht till 1 o'clock so as you could let me in the wicket gate, but it was worf it, for Beulah's mother says she didn't know soldiers was so nice; and I reckon me and the girl's proper half sections for life now, if the old man will only put us on the strength. Besides which, the old girl slipped a quid in me and as I was coming away."

Sergeant Ryan never from that date touched liquor in any shape or form, and retired many years later as an R.S.M. a rank that it is extremely doubtful whether he would have achieved had it not been for the circumstances above related. His servant for a long while previous to gaining a pension was Private Walker, and it was not until after he had left the Black Lancers that Mrs. Walker

became aware of the risk her gallant husband took to save her disappointment, and to secure her mother's consent to her union the gallant Hookey.

The Element of Surprise

Slowly he approached the chair where she half reclined. How beautiful she was. Hair like spun gold—and full length profile that would put Venus to shame. Suddenly she looked up and her eyes met his. He bent down until their faces almost touched and—yes dear reader, he was a dentist as you already know—but it was not office hours.

Spare Parts.—What are you doing now?"

"I have found a new circus turn—the friendship of a lion and a goat." "But aren't there quarrels between them?"

"Oh, yes, they have their little quarrels but then we buy a new goat."



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Mrs. Isaac: "Wake up, Isaac" a burglar is trying to get in"
Isaac: "Vell, wait till he opens the windows and I shoot?"

"Vy don't you shoot now?"
"Vat, and break a pane of glass."

"The service in this hotel is terrible," I would like to phone right down to the hotel clerk and tell him what I think of it."

"Why don't you?"
"I did, but nobody answered the phone."

A scientist is a man who can look at an ancient track and tell you how many upper teeth the animal had.

"I am getting up a little poker game Major." a friend, "Will you join us."

"Sir, I do not play poker."
"Sorry, I was under the impression that you did."

"I was once under that impression myself, sir."

It is strange commentary that that head never begins to swell until the mind stops growing.

Mrs. Cobbe: We women have organized a society to reduce rents."

Mr. Cobbe: "I am very glad to hear it" You can begin on little Willies pants."

The doctor had taken the temperature of the stock broker who lay seriously ill.

"It has gone up to 104" he announce in a solemn voice.

"It has gone up to 104?" shouted the stockbroker, then sell out my man, sell out."

Major: "Is the man seriously hurt?"

M.O.: "He is all right, two of the wounds are fatal, but the other one is all right."

Even if you can't tell a mother and her daughter apart now, there is very little hope that you can't tell them together.

He: "Don't go, you are leaving me without reason."

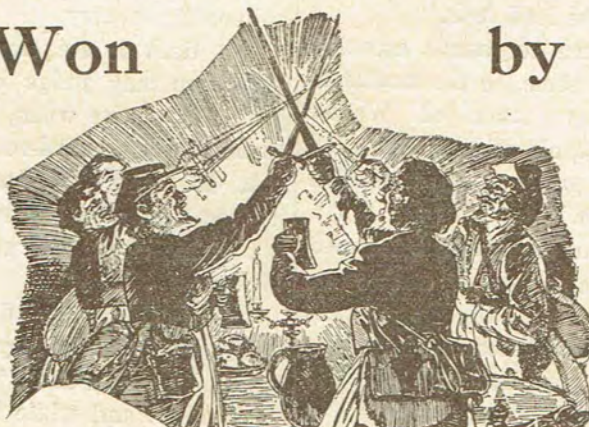
She: "I always make a point of leaving things as I find them."

Don't try to kill time. Time can stand the racket much longer than you can."

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